

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"We have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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POETRY.

A LAMENT.

By Percy B. Shelley.

Swifter far than Summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:

As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left alone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owl Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou,
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Villies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

DEATH.

Death is here, and death is there
Death is busy every where,
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death—and we are death.
Death had set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, & then our fears—& when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

Shelley.

SUSANNAH.

Sweeter than the sweetest manna,
Lovely, lively, chaste Susannah:
You're the girl that still I muse on,
Pretty little smiling Susan.
Oh, if verses can amuse ye,
Fairest, sweetest, laughing Susy,
I'd write on, but ne'er rebuke ye,
Handsome and good natured Suky!
Every Rhyme would flatter you,
Sprightly, dimpling, tender Sue!
I've sung my song—adieu, adieu!
Susannah, Susan, Susey, Suky, Sue!

"A man can't help what happens behind his back," as the loafer said ven he was kicked out of doors.

"I am vere I would ever be," as the loafer said ven he was astride the rum cask, operating with his straw.

"Why mother, almost every word in John's letter is spelt wrong. You would not have me marry such a man, surely."

"Why, Sall, I suppose that's the way to spell in the town where he lives. They have different fashions to us in every thing else, so I suppose they are different in that too."

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would pull his hat over his eyes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SECOND COURSHIP.

BY HENRY TUCKERMAN,

Author of "Isabel, or Sicily," just published by Lee & Blanchard.

**** The former proprietor of this villa was an elegant and interesting man. In his youth he had passed several years in Great Britain, and returned to his native city at the period when the English had possession of the island. As he spoke their language perfectly, and was an intelligent and agreeable companion there was no Sicilian more frequently to be found in their circles, or one who was more deservedly popular among them. At that time there was residing in Palermo, the ward of an English officer, committed to his care by her father, an old friend, who died many years previous in England. Caroline Walter was not only beautiful, but so fascinating in her manners, that she was the object of universal admiration. To the extreme mortification of many of her countrymen, she received without displeasure the attentions of Palma, the inheritor of this beautiful domain. They were in truth, admirably fitted for each other. His chief fault was an impetuosity of feeling, which sometimes urged him into acts of foolish precipitancy; but in mind and principle he was infinitely superior to the generality of his countrymen, and it was the virtues of Caroline Walter not less than her personal graces, which had won his heart.

You are aware of the inveterate prejudice which the English entertain towards foreigners, and you must have perceived how strongly it is cherished in the case of Sicilians. There are, indeed, discrepancies of temperament and character between the two people to account for, if not to justify some degree of such a feeling, and the want of education, and moral degradation too prevalent among the inhabitants of this island, is sufficient to explain the little favour they find in the eyes of one of the most enlightened nations of the earth. But this, like all other prejudices, is too indiscriminate, and therefore unworthy of being entertained by any liberal or philosophical mind.

The known virtues of Palma did not weigh with the friends of Caroline Walter. She was assailed on every side and in every manner, to induce her to renounce her lover, solely because he was a Sicilian, but in vain. She could not appreciate the argument; and having found him honorable, gifted and especially possessed of tastes and sentiments according with her own, she hesitated not to reciprocate his ardent and disinterested attachment. After their marriage, they were for a short time absent upon the continent, and then returned hither and established themselves at this villa.—The sight of their domestic enjoyments reawakened disappointment in the breasts of some of the young English officers, and there were two of them, especially, who resolved, if possible, to disturb the happiness which they had not the magnanimity to rejoice in. How to sow the seeds of discord where harmony was so complete was a question they could easily solve. To attempt to impair the confidence of the wife they knew would be in vain, and moreover, there was a dignity and independent superiority in her character which awed them into silent respect. Unfortunately, they were aware of the weakness of Palma, and upon this they determined to play. Industrious circulating reports that his wife repented of her connection, they took measures that not a day should pass but some insinuation reached his ears calculated to excite that jealousy which belongs to the Sicilian temperament. For a long time these rumors affected him not. He knew the propensity of his countrymen for scandal; and if, for a moment, a doubt had darkened his mind, one glimpse at the ingenuous and noble countenance of his lovely wife, or a single tone of her sweet welcome, dispelled it in a moment.

One day, however, when several English officers, and among them the two hyp-

ocrites were dining here, one of them, after the repast, took Palma aside, after extorting many promises of secrecy, and making innumerable professions of friendship, like a second Iago, advised him to watch narrowly lest his domestic peace was invaded. This ambiguous warning conveyed thus solemnly alarmed Palma. He returned thoughtfully towards the house. Caroline's joyous laugh reached his ear. For the first time there was something unmusical in it. He raised his eyes to yonder terrace and saw her promenading, and apparently in the pleasantest conversation with the accomplice of him who had just poisoned his ear, and who no sooner caught a glimpse of his host than he threw into his manners as great an air of confidence and familiarity as possible. This little incident, though of no importance in itself, served to irritate Palma into a fit of jealous musing. Surmises, as baseless as air, were brooded over till they grew into positive doubts beneath the fructifying influence of a southern imagination. And when the visitors had departed, in a moment of passion, he appeared before his astonished wife, and charged her with having deceived and lost all affection for him, indeed, if she ever had any, rushed from her presence, drove rapidly to town, and embarked that very evening, in a steam packet for Malta. Mont Pelegrino had not faded from his sight, before he regretted the step he had taken. His self-reproaches were increased to agony, when an acquaintance, one of his fellow passengers, after warmly eulogizing his wife, began to praise his forbearance towards those who endeavored to mar his happiness to gratify their spleen.

All at once he saw his error and mourned his precipitancy. In three days he returned to Palermo, and sought the retreat where his injured wife was secluded. He longed to throw himself at her feet and demand forgiveness, but so great was his mortification, and so unpardonable in his own eyes seemed his conduct, that he had not the courage to approach her. He remembered the sad look of silent yet eloquent reproach with which she gazed upon him as he left her presence. He recalled the pride of her character, and dreaded the effect of his weak and violent behavior.—He knew not but her esteem had gone from her for ever.

In this state of indecision and perplexity he remained for several days in the neighborhood. One afternoon towards dusk, he approached the house, and saw Caroline seated near the window; but as he drew near, she abruptly left the spot. He believed she had recognized, and thus purposely avoided him. The next evening he approached. She was in the place, and half rose as he drew near; but perceiving him pass the door, she remained and formally returned his proffered recognition. His impression then was, that she thought him insane. In short, I cannot tell you by what gradual steps he progressed towards a reconciliation. No lover for the first time delicately shaping his way to the heart of his mistress could have acted more timidly, or been more tremblingly alive to every faint indication of success. It was, in truth, a second courship.

At last, one lovely evening, he threw off the cloak which had hitherto concealed him from observation, and entering the grove just opposite his wife's balcony, began to sing several of her favorite airs in a feigned voice. There lived in the neighborhood an old blind man who had frequently amused them in this manner, and he knew she would come to the terrace to throw him the customary gratuity. After a short time he heard the window open and saw her step forth into the moonlight. It was the first he had seen her distinctly since their separation. She was paler than usual, and a sad expression mellowed into pensive beauty the spirited loveliness of her countenance. She leaned over the rail, and seemed about to call the unseen vocalist, when he, anticipating her purpose, slightly softening his voice, commenced an Italian air, which they had often sang together. The half uttered

word died upon her lips—she stood still and listened—and presently, as if overcome by the associations thus awakened, the tears fell thick and fast from her eyes. The repentant husband saw that the favorite opportunity had arrived. He suddenly paused, and struck at once, with his natural voice, into a little English song of his own composition, with which he had serenaded on the night when they first exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. At the first tone of that well known voice she started, and turned towards the open window, but as the feeling notes rolled on, she paused as if entranced, and as the last stanza was concluded, he sprang from his concealment, and was on the terrace and at her feet in a moment. He was forgiven—and the stream of affection thus temporarily divided, reunited with a new force and a more gladsome murmur, and flows on in rich and fertilizing beauty to this hour.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

From the French.

"But look then," said Mrs. Moore to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held, and gravely answered his wife:

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say so one hundred times more, Rosa would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice was very ugly, nay, almost revolting with her little eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rosa was then very ugly; but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of the person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation.

"Oh you little fright, you will never get a husband."

Eight o'clock struck—Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna."

Trembling, the little girl approached her mother to give her the kiss of good night.

"Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye.—She hastily wiped it away, and turned to her father presented him the yet humid cheek. He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to be able to present it to her mother, when she rose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow, Rosa presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes by chance glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said internally, "I am ugly—they are right;" and she sought in her young head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age; but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling provocation, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days—for eight

long days, Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why her mother was continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire. When this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but after a moment's perusal, he closed it again in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms around his neck as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith. She then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caresses with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, nought remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture, and without the penetration of little Rosa, the reconciliation would not then have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand and joined it to her father's, as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer; the alienated parents rose at the same moment, and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour, Rosa was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long white bands of red; clouds more and more dark, were heaping themselves on the eastern sky; the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary; the air inhaled, seemed rather to suffocate than to nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open might be seen gliding here and there in the darkened light groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical, whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low, languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano was repressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for her's was a celestial sympathy—a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice; so softly harmonizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed. Suddenly lights were brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied. He closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he thought her less ugly